



Innis Herald

Vol. XV No. 7

March 1982

Ryegnosserus Rap

by Michael Swan

Kirk Roberts is making headlines again. Kirk is quite possibly Innis's best known campus politician. He is not on SAC, he is not on Governing Council, and he is not part of ASSU. In fact Kirk can in no way claim to participate in the political power structure of this university. In spite of this, or to speak more accurately, because of this, Kirk makes the headlines in the *Varsity*.

Kirk leads, insofar as it is lead, the Rhino campaign in this year's SAC elections. Kirk and his one horned confreres took their first stab at the presidency last year, and placed third, beating one of the "serious" candidates.

The reason that the Rhinos haven't done better than they have is probably the popular perception that the Rhinos don't want to win, that they aren't "serious." The popular perception is, however, mistaken. Kirk does want to win. He conceives SAC's true function to be that of the critic, and since satire is the most effective and congenial mode of criticism, Kirk claims that the Rhinoceros party is the perfect vehicle.

I spoke to Kirk last Friday afternoon in the Rhinoceros mission control centre, the Innis Pub. The difficulty of interviewing a Rhinoceros lies in selecting the appropriate questions.

I.H. Do the rhinos believe in God?

Kirk. Well I'll have to refer you to our campaign literature on that one, which says, "Well Muffy: I believe (sic) in Everything because Everything is sacred. I believe in nothing because nothing is sacred."

I.H. How many Rhinos does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Kirk. Oh... I would think several dozen at least. Thirty-six to pass out on top of one another and one to climb over them and screw it in.

I.H. Did you notice the big lie on the front page of the Varg today?

Kirk. Oh yeah... That was a pretty intense lie. 3000 at Queen's Park.

I.H. Maybe SAC should hold a protest against rain? Would the Rhinoceros party hold a march against the waters of heaven?

Kirk. No. No marches, man. Marches are useless.

I.H. So you would eliminate the annual spring march?

Kirk. Yeah.

I.H. What would you do instead?

Kirk. First, we wouldn't do it in the spring. I mean, it's stupid; the government has already made their decision. They're not going to change their minds. No, we would gather 20,000 people into the Varsity Arena and meditate wildly.

I.H. Meditate Wildly... How do you meditate wildly?

Kirk. Well, just by virtue of the fact that there would be twenty-thousand there, right. There'd be mass hallucinations, definitely.

I.H. Getting back to the issue of rain; I never liked rain. I mean what are you going to do about it? I always liked the idea of the geodesic dome over UofT.

Kirk. Yeah, I think we could meditate for a dome.

I.H. Will the Rhinos be able to turn SAC into a money making operation?

Kirk. No. We plan to spend every penny we get on the students. Yeah, we promise thrills and chills. Not only that but we're going to spend it with panache.

I.H. I like panache, it's a good word.

Kirk. Yeah.

I.H. Would that include buying a roller coaster for political economy?

Kirk. A rollercoaster, yeah. It might make a good sociology course.

I.H. Do you think that Innis College will benefit from having a president for the first time?

Kirk. Oh yeah, definitely. I guarantee all the graft will come here. Especially with the possibility that next year the editor of the *Varsity* will be an Innis student, Innis will hold political power out of all proportion to their size on this campus. St. Mike's has had it long enough.

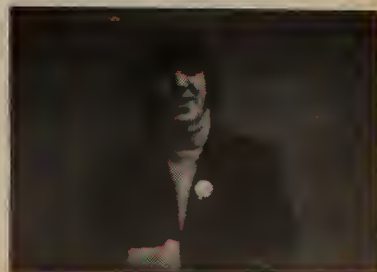
I.H. I heard you had plans for raising money for Innis College. Like producing concerts at old Massey Hall?

Kirk. Oh, yeah. I talked to Art Wood about that.

I.H. How did he react?

Kirk. He seemed interested in the idea. It's a guaranteed money maker, right. All you have to do is fill the hall. The only trouble is that you need about ten-thousand dollars start-up money. But

Special exclusive
centrefold inside



Kirk Roberts for King

we should have no trouble if we hit various organisations, like kitchen sink for a thousand each. This would be so much more effective than 500 assholes standing out in front of Queen's Park screaming their heads off.

I.H. Yeah but Innis College doesn't exist for venture capital. It's not a money making organization, it's an educational institution. And there are people who do lose money promoting concerts.

Kirk. Not very many. And we can't lose because we have so much free labour here that we can exploit. After all, there's less than three-thousand seats in Massey Hall. And all we have to do is fill it up. And with just a moderate amount of intelligence we can do that. All we have to be able to do is make a deposit on the hall and on the band. And do you realise how that would embarrass the government. It would be the most effective thing done against cutbacks yet.

I.H. Any other suggestions about what we can do about cutbacks?

Kirk. Well, we have to make a strong lobby in the fall, when the decisions are being made. And if we don't get our way we release five-thousand termites into the legislature. And maybe some millworms too.

I.H. We can probably get the termites from the basement of Roberts.

Kirk. Exactly.

Innis and Its Ton of Bricks

by Katherine Gombay

"You either love it or hate it at first sight" was one of the many comments I received when I first started asking people how they felt about the Innis building. It was described as eclectic, iconoclastic, warm, informal, friendly, open, "the good ship Innis," and as "a self-contained little community." It also has leaky, rooves, doors that lead nowhere, and problems with the heating. In sum, it reflects the Innis style.

Innis College was originally housed in the prefab next to the SAC offices on Hart House Circle. As it grew, its need for space increased and it eventually moved to the Sir John A. MacDonald House at 63 St. George. At least one staff member looks back with fondness on the time spent in this building. It was described as charming and cosy. There was a small, close community feeling to the college when it was housed there.

However, growing student enrolment and the budding cinema studies program dictated the need for more space.

Originally, in the early sixties, the University had commissioned the firm of Massey and Klander to design a building to house the new college. Their design, which won a national architecture award, was a monolithic structure which was to cover the whole block from St. George to Huron. The building was to have two large residential towers "... one for the boys and one for the girls, with a T.V. room in each tower... one for the boys and one for the girls." However, this design fell under the guillotine of the Trudeau cuts in the spring of 1968.

So, when in the early seventies it became clear that Innis was woefully in need of space, the college found itself having to negotiate anew with the university. There was some debate in the college about taking over the School for

Graduate Studies (the building next door to St. George). As the SGS didn't seem especially keen on vacating, this plan fell by the wayside, and the college set about finding itself an architect to design the new building.

The method by which Innis chose their architect was unprecedented in the university. The usual process was to establish a "user's" committee made up for the most part by senior officials responsible for planning, such as the Dean of ARTS AND Science, members of the UofT Physical Plant and one or two professors. Innis took the radical step of involving not only the students and staff, but the whole university community in the selection of an architect.

In August 1971 the process to find an architect was put in motion. The Principal of the college, Peter Russell, re-established the building com-

can't from page one

mittee, comprised of both staff and students, which met every week for several months. By January 1972 the Building Committee had published *Towards a Permanent Home for Innis College* (TAPHIC), a document which attempted to define the building committee's tastes and the Innis style. An excerpt from it runs like this:

Our Taste

"Taste" in one sense is relative: it varies with people and goals. But in another sense it is objective: given certain people and their aims, the choice of textures, shape, scale, tone and colour of their physical surroundings can be successful or unsuccessful in promoting the quality of life they favour. So we endeavour here to set out the qualities we hope our building will permit and foster:

- a humane environment, not monumental or imposing, but welcoming and modest, on a human scale.
- diversity and variety and a certain unpredictability in its layout. Each space should have its own character.
- an opportunity for the College to grow into the space, use it and decorate it as its members find they want and need to.
- the processed, glossy nature of the products of modern technology make us attracted to old houses whatever practical disadvantages they may have.
- economy — not an extravagant bome, but a place which is durable and not expensive to maintain. We are convinced that our tastes can be accommodated within normal budgetary limits, especially if we do not have expensive things imposed upon us.
- comfortable, with some good places to relax, talk and have a good time in, but also with some places in which to study quietly.
- some openness, so that you can see the sun and the rain and sit outside when the weather's nice, but with some insulation from the roar of traffic.
- related to what's around us, not stand-offish and fortress-like and perhaps providing some needed commercial or social services for our neighbourhood.



Photo by Jeremy Adelman

This document was sent to the nine or so architects who expressed an interest in the project, and through the summer of 1972, they each came in turn to talk to the Building Committee. The Committee debated over their choice for some time, but by the fall of 1972 they had chosen Jack Diamond. The Committee felt that of all the architects, he had best understood the intent of TAPHIC.



Art Wood, Peter Russell and Lynn Day at the opening, 1976

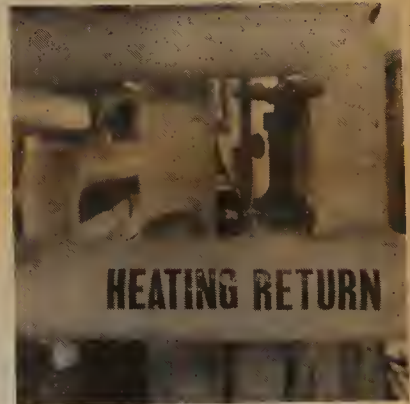
Apart from his grasp of this document, Jack Diamond had various other things to recommend him. He was good at working with people and sensitive to the wishes of both students and staff. He had a tremendous respect for light and natural settings, and a sense that the underlying functional structures should be exposed.

Consequently, the Diamond design emphasized skylights, the exposure of the support systems (the pipes), and incorporation into the existing landscape. Innis was designed to look like three buildings with internal pedestrian walkways dividing them (indeed these were meant to be paved with terracotta tiles, but as a result of budget cuts they were not). It was to be a building of small easily jammed spaces.

In the spring of 1973 the university approved Innis' choice, but it was not until October of the following year that ground was broken. Innis faced grave financial difficulties, for the federal and provincial governments had ceased some years before to finance academic building projects, and it was up to the UofT to find the money for the new building. The lowest bid submitted by a contracting company was still over the ceiling which the university had set for the cost of the building. So, from the very beginning, money or the lack of it, was an important feature in the construction of Innis. Throughout the building process changes had to be made to the design as a result of the cuts, and though the final product is somewhat different from the original conception, it has for the most part fulfilled the intent (if not to the letter) of TAPHIC.

But the building does have its faults, namely in the heating system and the leaky rooves. Aesthetically, it evokes mixed responses from staff and students. There are those who maintain that it has a warm, friendly atmosphere while


others describe it as cold. The stairs leading up to the library and the classrooms in the old house seem to have received the aesthetic OK, but a harsh negative in terms of functionality (dangerous in high heels, wet boots, or bare feet). One student said he liked Innis because it gave a new angle on girl-watching. (Think about it).



Of course everyone likes the pub, and most people enjoyed and approved of the lounge spaces, but very few liked the classrooms. (This may just be the ultimate definition of a UofT student). However, as one Innisite has pointed out in this very issue, the building adapts itself to various other uses besides sleeping, studying, eating and working.



The Town Hall under construction



OPIRG at UofT

by Marc Butler

Often after hearing an inspiring speaker, one is filled with the desire to do something, to translate the speaker's ideas into action. However what is usually witnessed is a slow sink back into apathy, with the consolation that a more ambitious soul will do something. When Ralph Nader spoke at UofT on February 11th to a large number of students at Convocation Hall, he was inspiring and what's more, he provided the framework for action.

PIRG, standing for Public Interest Research Group, is an organization that tackles the problems that Ralph Nader spoke of and others. A group of students at UofT are hoping to start a chapter here to deal with important social and environmental issues such as acid rain, agriculture and food issues, daycare, occupational health and safety, recycling, international development and anything else that a sufficient number of students are concerned about.

Students will control the activities and policies through a student-elected Board of Directors and work on OPIRG issues and projects in conjunction with their own work. This exercise

in participatory democracy is funded through the paying of a \$5.00 incidental fee. Originally the referendum asking students whether they were willing to fund such a project would have involved both undergraduates and graduates. However, the proposal will not be put before undergraduates until next fall as there is already one referendum in progress concerning UofT radio. Nonetheless, it will be voted upon by graduate students on March 24th & 25th, and by undergraduates this coming fall.

With the concentration of highly trained experts, research equipment and facilities for information dissemination at the university, OPIRG would, it appears, be a good way to effect some kind of improvements in society. OPIRG in other universities has published research and produced films and slide shows, built up resource centers available to students and hired top flight research staff to conduct research.

You get all this for five dollars. A quick stop at a polling booth this March for the graduate students and next fall for the undergraduates and you will have vanquished a guilty conscience, by helping create a vital link between academic research and the public interest.

University of Toronto Radio And You

Danielle Savage

"There has always been a link between Innis College and U.T.R.," says John Boudreau, the radio station's manager. "It was the first college council to endorse the coming (March 17 and 18) referendum, for example. And we have many people at the station from Innis. I think the people who go here are generally more culturally-oriented than those from other colleges."

And perhaps more geared towards experimentation?

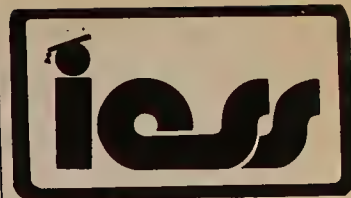
"Yes," he agrees. "Working with radio gives you more chances to experiment than, say, writing for a paper. If you want to tape a review of a movie, you can do a lot with the aural part of it. Inflections, for instance."

Boudreau hopes that the referendum will spark more interest in the station. Of course on

FM cable would expand its audience, but he also hopes that this fact plus the better facilities would attract more "cultural" people to join the radio station. More sophisticated equipment would mean good work experience for the person who is interested in pursuing a career in the field.

The implications of the referendum are the following: that U.T.R., now a closed-circuit station accessible in specially hooked-up campus buildings, would become part of a student-owned and operated FM cable station. Since they would be funded by independent sources (\$3.25 per student), they could not present themselves as competition to commercial radio stations. The \$3.25 is automatically tacked onto your fees. Hence, no commercials. This also means that the station must remain "educational" and play a balanced mixture of jazz, classical and popular music. They would have the opportunity to air local bands. The geographical area serviced by the FM cable would be shared equally by the stations of the three campuses.

Both Radio Erindale and CJS Radio (Scarborough) already air on FM cable. For them, the passing of the referendum means a more secure source of funding. Rob Foote, the manager at Erindale, explained that his station would be able to expand their boundaries. (At the moment they are the only radio station operating in Mississauga.) Mike Tortorici, the manager at Scarborough, says they could use the money to improve their sound system by buying some new equipment. In addition, he adds, the station would become independent of the Scarborough College Student Council, from which it now receives much of its money. In light of what has happened recently with *Balcony Square*, this is an important consideration in itself.



ICSS Elections

The following people have been acclaimed to next year's student society:

President: **Tim Cholvet**

Treasurer: **Peggy Selfert**

Women's Athletic Rep.: **Kathy Gyorgy**

Co-ed Athletic Rep: **Pet Mitchell**

Farm Rep: **John Pestor**

Elections will be held to fill the following positions:

Vice-President Government:

Bruno Ierullo
Brett MacMillan

Vice-President Services:

Adam Socha
Christine Wilson

The following positions remain vacant:

Education Commissioner

Communications Commissioner

Men's Athletic Rep.

Social Rep.

Clubs Rep.

These will be open for by-elections in September.

The following people have been acclaimed as student representatives to the Innis College Council:


Simon Cotter
Gilaine Funnell
Roddy MacDonald
Pet Mitchell
Tom Vaivade
Christine Wilson

Three positions remain to be filled in the fall by-elections.

I.C.S.S. Elections will take place on
March 24 & 25
9 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Polling booth outside room 116
Election Forum to meet the candidates
will take place on
Monday March 22
3-5 p.m.

Innis Town Hall
This is your college.
Your vote counts.



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Members of the University at the Scarborough
and Erindale Campuses may arrange to meet with
the Ombudsman at their respective campuses.



INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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When that Aprille with his shoures doote
The droghte of March hath peered to the roote,
And beethed every vywe in swichlicour
Of which vortu engendered is the flour;
When Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
Inspired heth in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Heth in the Ram his helve cours yronne,
And smele fowles maken melodye,
Thet slepen of the nyght with open ye;
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages);
Thenne longen folk to goon on pilgrymes
Cheucer

Editorial: The Hunters and the Hunted

It's that time of year again. Hundreds and thousands of students throughout the country are engaged in the annual battle to finish essays and prepare for final exams. This may not be the best time, therefore, to draw your attention to the other annual rite which solicits that elusive thing called the Canadian consciousness each March. Nature works at her convenience and, until Man stepped in, in her own best interest. Mid-March is the time when hundreds of thousands of seal pups are born on the frozen surface of the Gulf of St. Lawrence off Newfoundland.

Before the ice breaks up, allowing the seal herd with its new-born to float away to safety, the hunters descend in their ships looking for the easy profit to be had from a few days work. And who can blame them, right? Who wouldn't do the same in their position? We all know how dismal economic circumstances are Down East, and Newfoundland is the hardest hit of all. Besides, the hunt is a tradition all over the Gulf. Why should the onus be on the individual to adapt to the sensibilities of the urban mass media audience when all he is trying to do is put a little extra food on the family table, or buy clothes for his kids?

assertions are not completely true. There is a great deal of deliberate mythologizing involved in this kind of defense, all of which hides another kind of exploitation. There is still a moral question involved in the large-scale commercial exploitation of wildlife, a question which transcends the safety of the exploiters.

First of all, while it would be wrong to underestimate the economic plight of the Maritimes in general, one must look at the specific cases involved in the seal hunt. In order to join the hunt one must be licensed by the Federal Dept. of Fisheries. Almost without exception the people who get these licenses are fishermen, whose work is seasonal and who are idle in the winter, except for the hunt. Now fishermen are good people who do honest work under sometimes dangerous conditions. The history of any fishing community has more than its share of tragedy. But lest it be thought that fishermen are people who work half the year and starve the other half, it should be remembered that Newfoundland fishermen are automatically entitled to full federal unemployment benefits throughout the off-season, no matter what their profits have been during the fishing season.

Secondly, the average hunter does not profit greatly from the hunt. He takes home a few hundred dollars at the most. That may be nothing to sneeze at, to be sure. Many of us would like to have a few hundred dollars extra. But economically necessary? Let's face it, the people with the strongest motive for keeping the hunt going are those who keep the lion's share of the profit (the Hudson Bay Co., for instance). Now those who can put two and two together have quite naturally come to feel that the federal government listens mostly to these people when it decides on its yearly quotas. Besides, if the government, in allowing the hunt to continue, were really concerned about the welfare of Newfoundland fishermen, why would it continue to allot a large share of the quota to the huge Norwegian operations which send ships to the Gulf every year. These are the same Norwegians who, along with the Russians and Japanese, continue to deplete the world's whale population against the opposition of all other maritime nations except Canada, which remains, typically, non-committal.

Finally, as to the dangers involved in contemporary sealing in the Gulf, most of them belong to another age. The sealers work from modern ships and keep in touch with two-way radios. They are watched over from the air by the coast guard and by federal fisheries officials. If a hunter is stranded he will be rescued by helicopter. And to lessen the danger of severe ice break-up during the hunt, the Canadian Armed Forces is perfectly willing to assist the hunt to an early start by sending one of its ice-breakers out to lead the way. Of course, any storm danger is bound to be well known ahead of time, thanks to modern meteorology.

When all these factors are considered, the usual arguments in defense of the hunt cease to look as valid as those who propose them assume them to be. In fact, it is tempting to say that all

Angels

Catherine Russell.
Phil Ross
Jeremy Adelman
Michael Swan
Katherine Combay
Richard Streiling
Marc Butlor
John Hamilton
Hugh Palmer
Danielle Savage
Fred Mott
Gideon Forman
Liam Lacy

the hunt amounts to for most of the hunters is a chance to get out of the house and away from the wife and kids for a week after being cooped up with them all winter, and to have some fun with the boys while at the same time making some spare cash. This, of course, is a harsh judgement, but is perhaps no further removed from reality than the romanticized view of the poor fisherman desperately trying to see his family through the bitter winter.

But whichever the case may be, or if it should fall somewhere in between, it remains true that the onus should not be on the hunters to stop hunting. This is simply too much to expect. But the facts remain that 186,000 baby seals are going to be killed this month, bringing the species ever nearer to total extinction. This issue is a moral one. It was once an economic one, but it is so no longer. And as a moral issue it ought to be dealt with not in the marketplace, but in the law of the land, and by its representatives.



A Sense of fair play

The hunt, they say, is dangerous. The ships must wait until just the right moment before leaving port. The ice must be thin enough for a ship to break a channel through, but not so thin that it might break up into small floes and drift off to sea. Sometimes there is a very fine line of safety involved. Sometimes the weather can change radically and the breakup can be sudden, leaving hunters stranded on isolated floes. Sometimes storms come up unexpectedly, imperiling ships and hunters alike. What are we to make of the priorities of those who worry and fret over the lives of the baby seals, but are not in the least concerned about the dangers to the hunters themselves?

Such is the course most arguments take in defence of the hunt. But the fact is, these



Sex at Innis

Please excuse the lateness of this response, but I've been busy trying to get out of bed. The delusion of an asexual Innis is a throwback to Victorian lavender and lace! Sex at Innis has a long and celebrated tradition; we are, after all, the "innovative" College. From what I can see, sex in the pit is preliminary (if rather extended) foreplay which is commonplace (probably frustrating) and lacks the genius found in the creative mind. Instead of censuring, the author of the article should have chided the unimaginative practices and offered a few constructive suggestions.

Consider the general and more intriguing issue of sex at Innis. Let's examine the activity in totality, not by simply entering on the pit, and let's approach "it" in a systematic fashion. First, as I see it, there are three types of Innis couples engaging in activity beyond the physical building. There is 1) sex in the bedrooms of its marrieds (probably mostly snores) 2) sex in the family homes of most of its female students, i.e. in the rec. room "watching tv" (most likely quickly and definitely muffled) and 3) the occasional sex anywhere I guess (even the pit) after a gin-induced infatuation (promising more than it delivers, and getting better in the retelling).

At the red brick building itself, we have numerous possibilities, and since the pit has already been exhausted, we willingly omit it. Participants have a choice of doing the already done, doing the most likely although not confirmed, or of a survey of the potential.

The already done. Rm. 123 — the inner office. Did anyone really think that the purpose of the double lock on the back office door is to guard the petty cash? No, it is to allow the members of the Senior Executive, the "Top Four," to make use of their positions, a "perk"

you might say. Now you understand why it takes so long for the back office door to open when all you want is the stapler, and it explains the enshrinement in our constitution of the keyholder's duty to dangle keys before entering the inner office.

The showers. Mr. is the place for the warm-up exercises (deep breathing since the air contains a certain "magic") and Ms. shower is the place, for shall we say, game point, since Mr. shower is usually too crowded (unless of course two famous Innis imbibers are having a wine-no-cheese-party). Even the cleaning lady arrives at regular times, which enterprising minds have scheduled around.

The Harold Innis Study. There is a certain drawback in its slightly short couch, but the study compensates by having a ready-made spectator in Old Harold (his picture is on the wall); union with our resident deity presiding would be a true Innis consecration. Most importantly, the door locks from inside. It is for these reasons that the students didn't want meetings scheduled in this room — it would interrupt "studying."

Most likely, but not confirmed category. A certain V.P. Services who disappears in the closet for long periods of time, door closed, but by himself. In the projection booth, probably during a Godard film, when it doesn't matter what order the reels go on.

Now to a survey of the potential. Indulge me, but during my years at Innis, particularly at committee meetings, I've been able to give this much thought. Power on the desk in the office of the Chairperson of Council, with he/she wearing a studded-leather dog collar. Immodesty in the staff washroom, while the Principal is holding a planning session, with a moaner (for those who don't know, flukes regularly interrupt business). Daring skirt biked, in the stairwell, second floor at five past any hour. Necessity in any prof's office, variety depending on fetish, earning you A (with the climax being active defiance of Kruger's dictate of an arm's distance plus one inch). Not new, but nonetheless still a fantasy — on a pinball machine with all of the others tilting.

Finally, the limbo category. This includes Innisfree — not part of the college building, but definitely affiliated. The question is: in this case, not if, but who hasn't at the Farm? Likewise with most first year residence students. And Simon (perhaps he deserves a category all his own).

Take care and be careful. He is still waiting in the closet.

The English Proficiency Test: From Someone Who Wrote It

The English Proficiency Test is the single most important test one can write in University. It is now required that new students write and pass it within 24 months of their enrolment or they are out on their ear with little chance of getting back in. With this in mind you might expect it to be a fair method of evaluation. You might also expect it to be a long and varied test since there is an immense variety of programmes offered here. However, having just experienced it, I am disappointed with the whole process. It was, in fact, not a 'test' in any real sense of the word.

The test consists of a choice of one out of two essay questions which you are required to write in Full Essay Form, using complete sentences and proper spelling. Your efforts are marked on a scale of pass, marginal pass (whatever that means) and failure. If you fail you are referred to writing clinics and must pass somehow before the deadline. All students entering UoT are required to write regardless of their Faculty. It is often held in the Drill Hall but I wrote mine in The New Academic Building at 6:15 at night a couple of weeks ago. The process was not very pleasant.

I was given a student information sheet, a question paper and an examination booklet. Pains-taking measures were taken to ensure that I did not, repeat N-O-T, write my name on the question paper, although I was to write my student number on it. For me this was hard to take, anonymity and all, and I wrote my name all over it and signed my essay when I had finished. (This will probably be interpreted, of course, as some moron who didn't listen). After the question sheet you turn to your student information sheet, which has a place for your signature on it. Again you're told 4 or 5 times not to write your own college where you're supposed to put the place of the examination. Finally, you begin.

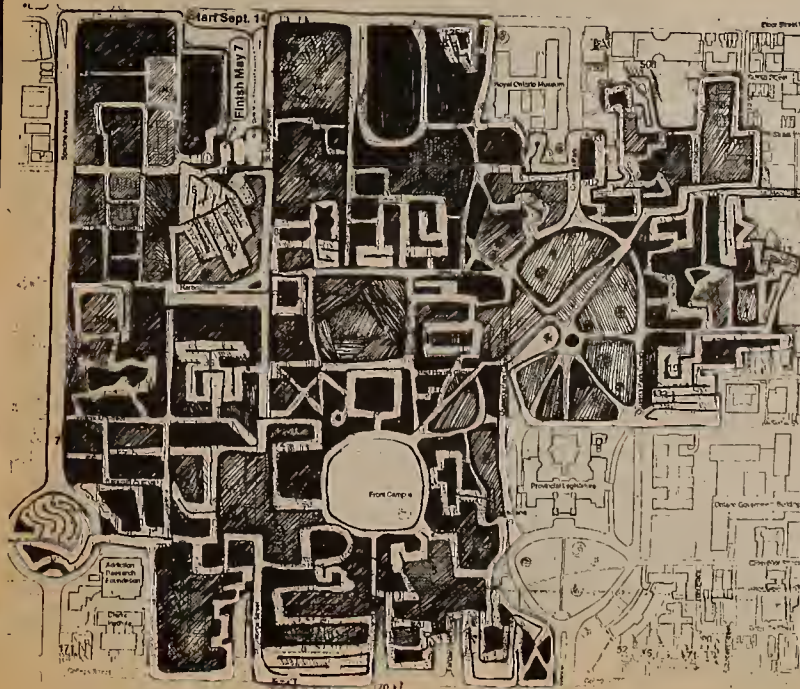
While you write, the officials come and squirm between the seats, pick up your infosheet and your student card and scrutinize your signature. Evidently people in the past had their friends come and write for them. It seemed a bit cumbersome to me, what with them stepping on your feet and sitting on your head as they examine the row behind. Finally I finished writing what was not quite an essay and went to the front to hand it in to someone. They were all busy scowling and other things, and it became apparent that I had to snivel over to a box on the floor and separate the various items into their respective piles. This I did but my wounded ego saw great symbolism in the bending down part of it. I left feeling rubbed the wrong way.

A few weeks later I received the news that I had passed. Passed. That was strange because several things were very clear to me. I had been asked to write in essay form with full sentences and there wasn't even an intro to my essay (unless it was the five line blurb on how I hoped they'd all drop down sewers). There was no concluding paragraph and what I had was jumbled and probably misspelled. No prof would have accepted it. Standards for this test must be unbelievably low, and if so, what's the point? They ask you to write an essay but then don't really care if you do or not.

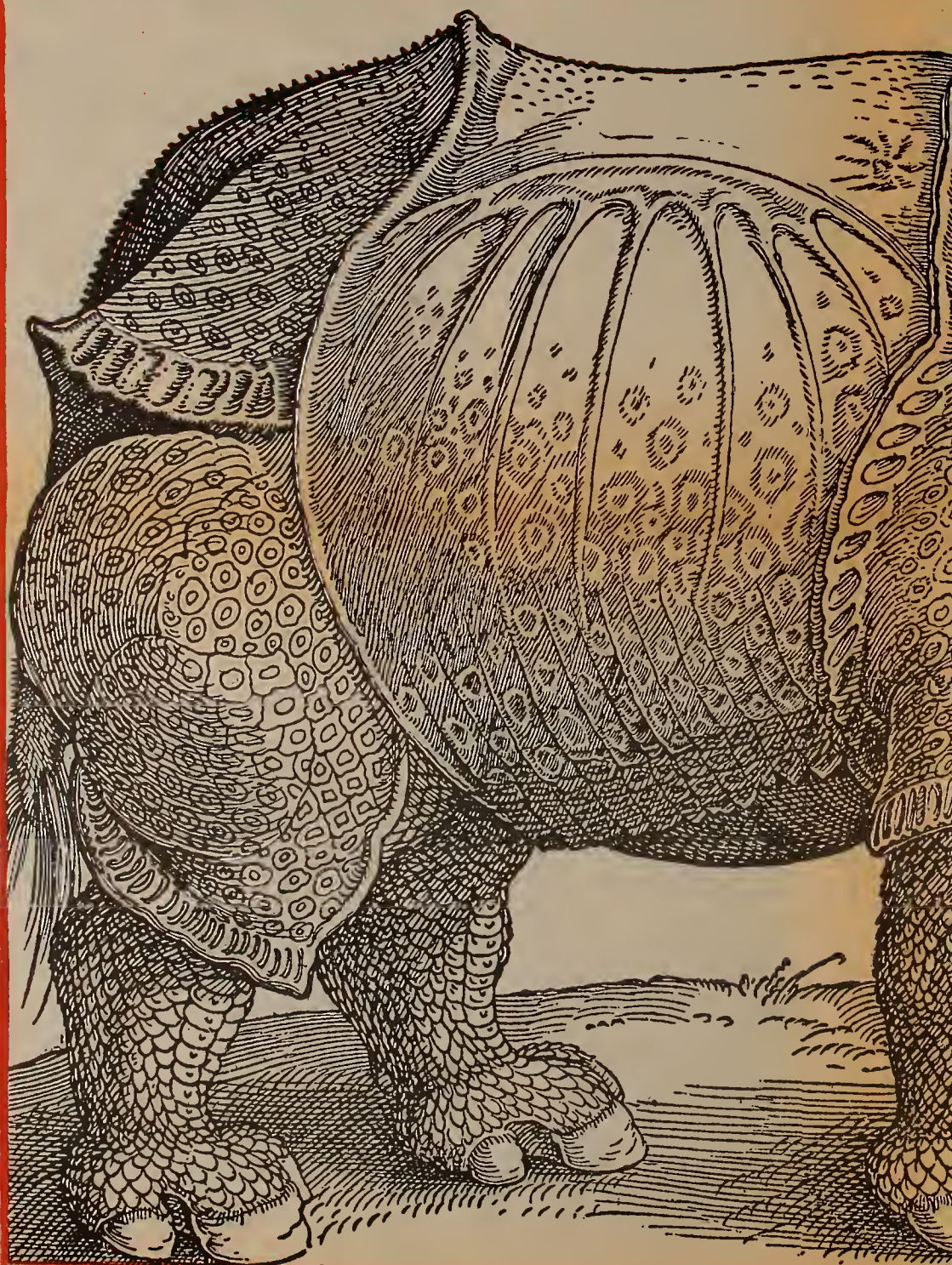
Perhaps all faculties should have their own proficiency tests. Perhaps the entrance exams will be more appropriate. In any case, it became abundantly clear to me that the English Proficiency Test was an offensive exercise that proved little and which basically doesn't seem to be working.

Jill Adamson

Amazed You Made It?



Nach Choistiegeburt/1513. Jar Abit
 ain solch lebendig Thier. das nennen sie R
 len vberleget sehr fest/vnd ist in der g^{ro}ß als d
 gunde es zu weizen wo es bey steyner ist/ das da an Sieg Thir ist/v
 das Thir mit dem kopff zwischen die forden bayn /vnd reist den heilffanten vnten am ba
 gewapnet/das ihm der heilffande nichts thun kan/ Sie sagen auch/das der Rhinocerus/
 Hat man d^{er} ar^{ten} Innis He^{ilff}



Herald ^{sten König} el von Portugal/gen Lysabona aus India prachte/
 : farb wie ein gepfleckte schildkrot/vnd ist von dicken schas
 s hach ^{schiff} Horn vorn auff der Tassen /das bes
 fandten Todsfeyndt. Der heilffande fürches fast vbel den wo es Ihn antompt/so laufft Ihm
 vnten am bauch auff/vnd er würget ihn/des mag er sich nicht erwehren.dann das Thier ist also
 Rhinocerus/Schnell/fraytig/vnd auch Lustig / sey.

1515

RHINOCERVS

A



Life After Lobotomy: (Or As Ted Kennedy Would Say, "I'll drive off that bridge when I come to it.")

P. Seudonym strikes again

Help! I'm confused. Lost, abandoned, wandering aimlessly in this mysterious nebula that we call life. In other words, boys and girls, I'm hung over. My tongue needs a shave, and my mouth tastes like a buzzard's crotch. C'est la vie.

It strikes me, as I sit here, trying in vain to successfully meld paper and pen into some sort of coherent mass (that will hopefully amount to something greater than the sum of its parts), that my present position is not unlike that of Mike Doonesbury (he of comic strip fame). He, too, tried to become a regular contributor/columnist in his local university newspaper. "It is a chance," he said, "to express myself: a chance to bare my soul — my fears, desires, aspirations, and concerns." To which his friend B.D. replied, "Don't forget the random moments of lunacy." In my case, simply substitute "sanity" for "lunacy," and you're well on your way to a B.A. in Psych.

Speaking of lunacy, (and believe me, I'm well qualified to speak on it), a bunch of us were discussing "The Inherent Political Instability in African Post-Colonial States" in the Pub the other day. You know, standard Innis small talk. Not that it was too intellectual, mind you; one guy thought that Sierra Leone was a brand of designer jeans. (I sympathise with him, chump though he is: for years I thought that Pontius Pilate flew for Air Lingus, and that Sherlock Holmes was a condominium complex for the aged in L.A.) But the crux (thesis, if you patronize our Writing Lab) of the argument was that just about anybody with the slightest shred of intellect to his/her name could profit from some recreational despotism, and conquer a third-world country or two.

After all, why not? You'd get plenty of valuable hands-on experience in business, economics, foreign affairs, graft, nepotism, chicanery, wholesale slaughter, not to mention

having a resume for which a Harvard Business School graduate would sell his fiancée into white slavery to obtain. Think about it. Why waste your time searching for a safe Liberal riding to run in, when other forms of criminality show much more profit for much less effort? Take my advice: a) open an account in a good Swiss bank, and b) invade Lesthoto. It sure beats dropping STA 222Y for the third year in a row, or going for your M.A. at the Toronto School of Theology.

The point that I'm trying to make, albeit rather left-handedly, is that people have this silly tendency to gravitate towards the more mundane, mediocre, and monochromatic elements in their day-to-day activities, ever striving for their Shangri-la of wife/2.7 kids/ulcer color T.V./bungalow in Don Mills/'72 Ford station wagon with woodgrain panelling and dents in the fenders. Why? Why not experiment with the bizarre for a change? I advocate: TAKE A LOONEY TO LUNCH.

In a recent interview on Mr. Roger's Neighbourhood, Dr. Wesley Emerson said that "Society cannot be expected to move forward without a steady supply of lunatics, for it is these oddballs who form the cutting edge of society. Without this cutting edge, society, as a whole, cannot reasonably be expected to keep moving forward. In brief, the status quo needs its freaks, for without them it will go nowhere. We need a kook for each sane person: a Charles Manson for each Art Wood, Wendy O. Williams for every Debbie Reinboth, and a Hugh Palmer for each Tim Cholvat."

I think that the importance of Dr. Emerson's hypothesis cannot be underestimated. Truly, if we were to be left without our lunatics, what would we have left to cherish (especially here at

Innis)? I mean, the whole structure, from 'ol Harold, to our present Principal, epitomizes creative absurdity.

Imagine the thought of Innis, bereft of the sight of Kirk Roberts ambling aimably down the hall, smiling to himself as he plots the destruction of the capitalist world, or the sight of Sylvia Ritz-Munroe smiling devilishly as she punches the button that erases the transcripts of all Commerce students from the computer. Without the carefree, spontaneous lunacy that we all know and love, we might as well be at York.

Since this is the last issue of the Herald this year, I thought that instead of ending this treatise with some sick joke, I'd try instead to conclude in a manner befitting you, dear readers, without whom this would all have been for naught (damn you).

Before the arrival of the White Man and his theories of recreational gynaecology in the New World, expectant squaws would go to the medicine man's teepee to deliver their children. Once labour began, they would lie down on animal hides. On one occasion, there were three women awaiting the stork's arrival; one on a deer skin, one on a bear skin, and the third on a hippopotamus hide. They gave birth to, respectively, three, four, and seven children, which just goes to show that the squaw on the hippopotamus equals the sum of the squaws on the other two hides.

If I've left you with something, I'm glad; if I've left you with nothing, then I'm Alan MacEachern.

The Rhino Declaration of Independence

In the Pub, July 5, 1776

When in the course of human silliness, it becomes necessary for fun people to snicker at the farcical bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the mind, the ridiculous and station to which the Laws of Cornelius and of Cornelius' great aunt Emma designate them, a healthy disrespect of the opinions of mankind requires that they should spew forth the hilarities which impel them to the guffawing. — We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men were created stupid, that they are endowed by the Great Rock and the Great Roll with certain silly ideas, that among these are designer jeans, student governments, and the pursuit of sobriety. — That to entrench these ideas, Liquor Control Boards are peddled among Man conniving their unjust powers from the pocketbooks of the controlled. — That whenever any form of authority becomes taken too seriously, it is the responsibility of the Rhinos to alter their states or get drunk, and to institute new forms of decadence, laying its foundation on shaky principles, and organizing its parties in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Sense of Humour and Happiness. — But when a long train of snivelling idiots pursuing invariably the same sex Object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute seriousness, it is their drugs, it is their hangovers which cause them to absolute seriousness, it is their drugs, it is their hangovers which cause them to throw up on such cretins and to provide new drugs for their future hallucinations. — Such has been the patinet

The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen Stoned Rhinos of Innis

suffrage of these Rhinos; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former states of consciousness. The mishistory of the present King of SAC is a history of repeated lousy parties and unjust *usurpations* (whatever that means), all having the indirect object of the establishment of an absolute temperance over our great grey brothers. To prove this... would be easy.

We, therefore, the jesters of the United Silliness of America, in General Regress, Partially Assembled, appealing to His Royal Highness Cornelius for our wrecked conditions, do in the Name of and by authority of Eris rant and rave that these United burglars are and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States of consciousness; that they are absolved from all allegiance to any and all realities and that any possible connection between them and the State of Straight, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free-Key and Inebriated human beings (as full of shit as the next guy) they have full Power levy levies, conclude nothing, contract hitmen, establish brothels, and do all other Acts and things which other people in high places may of right do. — And for the support of this Declaration with an infirm mind and a reliance as the protection of H.R.H. Cornelius, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Mushrooms.

Hans Cockjohn
Kirk Roberts
Tom Copeland
Lewis Kaiserseder

Innisart '82

The first ever Innis College Art Show

April 1-8, '82
Innis College Town Hall

Any medium, any size,
anything! Anybody interested
in contributing
please speak to Art Wood.

a Canadian Movie

by Fred Mott

Being the patriot that I am, I went to see the new Canadian movie, *Never Trust an Honest Thief* at its world premiere this month at the Bloor Cinema. Canadian movies don't get the hype that American movies do on premiere night. The stars show up but no one cares and the only advertising they get is a four inch box on the back of the Bloor's program. It appears that the only press they receive is the Innis Herald — no stories appeared in any of the major Toronto newspapers.

The movie itself is perfect for television. That is, it has all the contents of a briefly successful film at perhaps the Uptown Backstage. It probably won't even do that as advertising is usually poor for a Canadian film, and it will probably go straight to Cineplex. It has some pretty girls who dress scantily and walk around in extended scenes for the amusement of the audience at home, beautiful scenes of Bermuda and the like.

To say something good about the film, the acting is good from the principals. Orson Welles is a help. It is not typically Canadian because it does have a professional polish.

On the level of plot, the film succeeds again in the successful pattern that the Americans have perfected. It is, however, slow at times and the climax comes too early or the ending comes too late.

I wouldn't suggest this film to anyone in particular, but I wouldn't say not to go to it. If you liked Tarzan, you'll probably like this film as they have the same ingredients mixed up differently.

Olivia lets her body talk

Olivia Newton-John was hot with her girl-next-door image, but she's even hotter with her new sex-bomb look and she's pushing it with a TV special



Demonstrating her body language

Any similarity between the two pictures above must be purely coincidental. Mustn't it?

Sports

Women's Sports

Chris Wilson

Congratulations are in order for the Innis Women's Squash Team, who resoundingly defeated Victoria College in the finals to win the Division III Squash Championships. They finished their season undefeated and in second place to one of the other Victoria College teams. They thus received a bye to the semi-finals, where Trinity, unable to face a humiliation by Innis, defaulted.

Kathleen Crook and Christine Wilson easily defeated their opponents in the final game to give Innis a 2-1 win over Vic IV. They will be joined by teammates Caroline Rubbe and Svet Lilova at the Intramural Awards Party on April 1, 8:00 p.m. at Brennan Hall, St. Michael's College, where they will receive their Molson Mug prizes. Everyone is urged to come out and attend this final athletic event of the 1981-82 season. It promises to be a good time for all.

Innis Hockey

by Fred Mott

Once again the Innis Men's hockey team came up with a thrilling victory. The team defeated Management Studies by a score of 5 to 1.

The Innis team had the game under control at all times, excelling in offence, defence and goaltending. The hockey was once again of a very good caliber and exciting to watch. The crowd did a lot of screaming which led the team to this convincing victory advancing them to the semi-finals.

The Innis team seems to be getting closer to the championship they deserve. They have been playing hard and doing so with little fan support. Their play has been the play of champions despite the view that they are the underdog in a league with Engineers, Dents, Devonshire and Trinity, all of whom are bigger schools that can boast more talent to chose from. However, Innis finished the season with a very respectable record, and now appears to be headed for the finals.

The fan support has been improving but it is still not the support that the team needs and wants. They have been playing excellent hockey all season and the students of Innis should be rallying behind them.

See you at the finals.

Review

Photography: the Madness of Lucidity

by Catherine Russell

A *camera obscura* is a box that reproduces an image by means of light and lenses, and is a direct precursor of the camera and projector mechanism. It is now a well-used metaphor for the photographic quality of illusory reproduction. *Camera lucida*, another primitive optical device, was pretty well forgotten until it popped up as the title of Roland Barthes' latest book. (Hill and Wang, 1981, \$14.95)

A *camera lucida* is an odd-looking instrument that allowed an artist to look simultaneously at his subject and his pencil. For Barthes, *lucida* is a more appropriate metaphor for the photographic phenomenon than *obscura*, because the presence

of a photograph is above all "certain." In rejecting the connotations of the "dark passageway," he concentrates on the photograph as a statement of fact rather than illusion.

Barthes admits that his qualifications for speaking about photography are limited to being the poser and the looker, and that the third kind of involvement, the photographer's, lies completely outside his experience. This means that while he doesn't touch on the mechanical aspect of the medium at all, he brings to the subject original insights drawn from his personal experiences.

In the first half of the book he deals with individual photographs, trying to get at the

"essence" of each one. Although it is obviously an incredibly subjective way of going about things, he manages to define two levels that work together in any photograph. These could be crudely summarized as a background calling for participation, and a single impenetrable point of mystery or surprise.

The irony of the posthumously published work is that the second half deals with the essential facticity of the photograph, which is, for Barthes, Death. He does not mean merely that the photograph has the ability to eternalize, but that the experience of looking at a photograph brings with it an (unconscious) awareness of mortality. This is the madness of photography.

In 1977 Barthes wrote, "In photography there is never art, but always meaning." (*Image, Music, Text*) He still does not admit to an aesthetic of the photograph or attempt to explain further how that meaning is produced; his approach is phenomenological, an investigation of the essential experience a photograph presents. He does not refer to the "artiness" of the photographs that he talks about, but they are definitely not snapshots or advertisements or press photographs. Even his family pictures have a certain professional quality about them. His comments, then, are more revealing about the art of photography than anything else, and yet he claims that to designate photography as an "art" is to tame the essential madness, an intriguing yet ambiguous claim.

From his inward reflections, Barthes is able to draw some interesting conclusions about the social function of the photograph, observations that are in keeping with his more well known work on bourgeois culture. The photograph has, he claims, replaced religion as the sanctuary of the issue of Death. In preserving life, the photograph produces death with every click of the shutter. His constant references and comparisons with the cinema reveal an inherently negative attitude to that medium, although he does not deal with it directly. Society tries to tame the photograph in various ways. We generalize and stereotype it, and in the cinema, create the most perfect illusions with it.

Camera Lucida is divided into 48 chapters of 1 to 3 pages each, and includes reproductions of the photographs he comments on. This organization, and his constant use of his personal experience, makes it very different from his previous work. It is not only valuable for his analysis of photography, but could even be read as an account of his own impressions of death. He speaks of the *Winter Garden* photograph, a picture of his mother as a child (which, interestingly, is not reproduced in the book), with deep emotion. One feels that he has not yet come to terms with his mother's death, and that his writing about photography is an outlet, in an academic guise, for those feelings.

Perhaps the most recent comparable book is Susan Sontag's *On Photography* (1977), which is also in a sense personal, but far more sociologically oriented. Where Barthes turns inward, she looks outward, which may ostensibly be just as valid an approach, but she somehow fails to reach the reverberating conclusions that Barthes does. It is extremely difficult to write about photography because as Barthes points out, "I exhaust myself realizing that *This has been*."

He often mentions Proust and Baudelaire, who established a tradition of writing about the questions that photography raises. Barthes himself has been an important figure in that tradition, and *Camera Lucida* is not only his most accessible work, but allows the reader a close look at a great man.



Quest for Fire

The Three Stooges go Ape

J. Hamilton

Boy, this is one dumb movie. Three prehistoric lunkheads, looking like refugees from a heavy metal band, lumber their way through one of the skimpiest plots to slither across a movie screen in years.

Director Jean-Jacques Annaud seems to think that man did not descend from the ape, but rather that the ape descended from man. Either way no self-respecting chimp will want to let the skeleton tumble out of the family closet after seeing this movie. Lancelot Link would be an existential hero compared to these clowns.

After the first ten minutes the film more or less throws out any aspirations it may have had for credibility and plays it for laughs. The three lunkheads eat lice along with other assorted bugs, drop rocks on each other's heads for laughs and get chased by scary monsters (sabre-toothed tigers with phony Dracula fangs) all in the course of their heroic quest for 'a light.'

Along the way they meet up with a woman who ingratiate herself into their male-bonded group by performing oral sex on the clueless leader, whose main qualifications for leadership seemed to be blond hair and a six foot plus stature.

The four of them wallow through another hour or so of antiquarian miasma as the woman teaches the leader the missionary position and eventually how to make fire by rubbing two sticks together. A merit badge for the boy scout.

The film crawls to its conclusion with the ingenu barefoot and pregnant seated next to her hubby as they both ponder the fertile full moon above and dream about the millions of years of

progress that will one day lead to a spot on the line at General Motors, or a minor secretarial position with an insurance company.

According to the credits, Desmond Morris (The Naked Ape) created the body language for the film and Anthony Burgess (A Clockwork Orange) the special languages. They should have saved the money and filmed the Cerrard Tavern at a quarter to one Saturday night.

Morris and Burgess have got their money, I take it, and are probably still running. What credit this film adds to their bank accounts it most certainly discredits in equal measure their reputations. The fact that this film hasn't garnered universally bad reviews proves that payola isn't dead in the movie business.

Quest for Fire was a joint Canadian co-production with France and was shot in Canada, Scotland and Kenya. After I gave up on the plot I thought maybe I'd just watch the scenery, appreciate it on a travelogue level. No luck. It's been shot with very little depth of field and the spectacular locations (which aren't very well framed either) tend to come across as flat and washed out.

I don't know if director Annaud is familiar with experimental cinema's techniques of duration but somehow he made two hours seem like a million years. Even the headbanger audience who came for the usual cathartic experience seemed kind of let down. Now maybe if they'd had Ted Nugent in the title role or Eddie Van Halen...

(Quest for Fire, International Cinema Corporation, at the University).



Fiction

A Modern Tragedy

by Liam Lacy

The park is up. The park is up yes and it is filled with old oaks and it is surrounded by a roadway and it crawls with students.

There is a student in it hurrying to a computer class. Hurrying because he is late and the class is on the other side of campus. He's moving pretty quick. As he goes he hears a noise from behind. Naturally he ignores it. It sounds like creaking when the beauty opens a door in a horror film. It doesn't go away but still he ignores it. It just gets louder. He is thinking defiance. When the noise is so loud and it is impossible to ignore it any longer he looks behind and sees a few tons of oak coming down on him.

He is very surprised. Not only that, he experiences great terror (it shows on his face). He makes a run for it. But, as in the cartoons, he runs straight ahead when 15 feet to the right or left would have meant escape. Well, the tree got him.

SPLAT!

A pretty French student is walking in the park. She appears to be oblivious to that most recent incident. That is, she looks, her facial expression suggests, that she is oblivious. In the park then and a tree coming down on her.

Just a pretty French student. The physical features unimportant. Violent conflicts and turmoils in her mind unimportant and boring too.

Oh yes, SPLAT!

Same business repeated for first year phys ed, second year music, fourth year psych, and a scuzzy looking art history grad.

Same business all day long. Splat splat splat until there are no more trees.

When this happens about 200 cops descend on the park and have it cordoned off. And then a long line of ambulances pull up and haul the bodies off to hospitals in Toronto and area where concerned doctors and nurses are juiced up to get the victims.

In a hospital a reporter is asking one of the many berved for her opinion. There are so many bereaved around. Their commotion is going to keep me up tonight.

The situation is ridiculous. An editor writes an editorial entitled *A Modern Tragedy* where he cries out for better park management. Someone else is already planning a plaque to commemorate the fallen.

Turn on the TV and you can catch some woman in hysterics trying to



get past some cop. Screaming and pounding little fists against the blue shirt.

But then, a furious disjointed movement through the bland hospital halls. Turning in different directions and turning yet but still the furious motion. And then in an elevator and close confined, but then out in a hall again and finally outside and through all this there are sounds to be heard: go home; time to be home; run along; run along, now.

The Chip-Children

Cideon Forman

The boy and the girl are children playing blocks in the toyroom. You see them at six. He is small with canvas shoes and hair down his back, brown, she sits in a cotton, blue dress.

Building.

Blocks they put on block.

The linoleum tile floor it is fire-engine brick red. They are singing and telling stories. It is a small room. It is his room. The girl comes from down the hall.

Sometimes when he places a block to build he brushes. There is touch. See them sitting in the middle of a sun room spinning as a scene down.

As two dizzy dolls. The boy the little boy and the girl.

They are chipmunks to you. In the forest they chase their tails for corn. And their heads sniff.

They are chipmunks as children. I see them looking. What rodent you see them like this: man's fur paw, whiskers, suckled birth. We the small.



In the stump of the field of the farm your whiskers are playing. They are rising. Lips are impish. Small animals, the children crawl to each other. One's head up to the other down they hint. These animals are curiosity killing the cat. And they are facing. Play they touch and tickle gallop and scamp.

Their mamalian sense of warm.

It is the fingers most human. The chip-children petting softly blood cottons or comforting wool. One's hand to the skin.

First child, the small boy at six, using his finger's probe to test the neck of the bark. And the boy's head stirring. How his eyes sought.

Which plucked the collar the white of her blouse and peered. Pulled the elastic back to gaze down. And what he saw.

Kitten's sweetened paw to pull.

I dream the boy delicately roaming her chest. Looking down to find. And

holding between thumb and index her band of cotton drawn from neck.

The boy wishing to put his whole head in. Adjusting his view to let light fall and illumine the soft. And the dark he just began.

While the small girl. The girlish grin of six. Her face alight with purr. She. We saw her kitten whisker the top of his shirt.

Biting her lower lip coy and tongue to tip.

She is very little. Unknown a squirrel. Girl leans over to him and places hand cuddling breast. Bird gentle.

Two-legged rabbit she peaks over the edge pulling collar to her. Her fascination in awe. The spanked naughtiness of what she first did.

One sees her front teeth raise brows. Open eyes they grow as girl sucks lip.

To the chipmunks afield.

Completely her curious touch.

I saw the boy and the girl go back and forth clever. To him to her.

To him to her. The collar always stretched.

Look at her look. It is the safest pluck of young.

She is not examining whales but you. A girl having to know what.

Your breasts she can only see this way.

Do you find her squinting in light. That she must arrange things precise to see. By allowing sun to strike you.

And the gentle nudge of her pulling. Girl-fingers at your cloth throat.

She.

Wanted to look down. Testing. At six.

She is so surprised at the present you are giving her. She might clap. Girl knows she's bad to want. Mouth opening. The story to friends.

We are taken by the terrible sweet of the pad of the thumb. Which in urging is just exciting. She is very slowly. Timid. Setting out. Girl fetches your top like a lid. Cranes over. Her head explore.

The happyfulness. Her head always vying for the better spot to see. The tip of concern and hesitation to touch. And neck way up straining. Clearly seen in girl's face. Always with the gentle paw of first fur. The chipmunk's innocence to food. And the weight of we the small.

See you press below her nipple too. In the lightest way.

The Crossing

by Liam Lacy

Well that was it yellow. Coming down full blast in rain coming down slanting at your face and then it's yellow. Damn damn damn.

No way can't make it. Not unless you want to die. And one thing I don't want to do is die. That's for sure.

Still yellow and the rain it's cold against my face.

Hmn. Not much to look at. Girl over there. Looks like something out of a fashion mag.

Shit. Come on. Something's gotta be wrong. It's still yellow. Yellow, yellow, yellow, yell oh, yell low.

You know something, you should of written your essay on time, you know that? You're standing here sitting in the rain while you should be writing your essay. Essay yep, should be doing it, yep. Yes Professor it'll be done by Monday, not like last year. Don't worry Mr. Professorman, there it'll be slipped under your door there, one goddam super A-1 super incredible ace of an essay. Can't you see it there sitting there a small neat stack of 15 pages of paper stapled in the top left hand corner? You know and the staple is just at the right angle and there are no typos whatsoever. The fucker is incredible. The poor prof has just lost his wife and kids to some homicidal maniac (an old acquaintance of yours) and is a tad bit on the depressed side, just a tad. Well he comes into his dingy office lined with musty books everywhere covering up the walls and just about covering up the window too not that it matters because it faces onto a red brick wall. You know what I mean, a red brick wall. No porno graffiti or anything. Anyways he comes in and he's pretty close to suicide by now, when he discovers your essay.

Still yellow. Shit, maybe its gone and done a complete circuit on me. Can't be. Madame Fashion Mag is still there. Madame Mag.

Yellow, yellow, red. You guessed it, it just went red. Well yes Madame Mag you saw it go red too, didn't you there? Madame Mag, how could she be described? Her face was meaningful but vague. Meaningful but vague sums it up rather nicely indeed. No two words it seems in this, or I may presume in any language, can capture that — that meaningfulness yet vagueness that that particular woman possessed.

Well Madame Mag, I bet your look will change when you're crossing the street. Everybody's just a little bit afraid to cross the street.

My Uncle Al was run over while crossing the street at some lights. I remember visiting him.

You see these cars coming past you? You see them all? Any one of these guys could have a pathological hatred for University students. This isn't all that unusual I assure you. I knew a dentist like that. Maybe that dentist is in one of them cars coming down right at us right now. What's it take? a 15 degree shift in the steering wheel, give the old Mercedes a bit of juice, and it's bye bye baby.

It's incredible if you think about it. Look at the road conditions. It wouldn't take a miracle for a car to pull a skid and do a number on us.

Actually, for that matter there could be a meteorite screaming down on us this very moment.

Well: anything's possible. I could write a great essay. The light could go green. I could make it across without having my brains scattered all over the pavement. Mag, who knows? Who knows? Well, look, I just made it across. In fact.